

The Evening World

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THE AMERICAN WAY.

THE nation is willing to trust the President's judgment as to how much time and patience shall precede and follow the transmission of his latest note to Germany.

The American mind, however, yearns for clean-cut methods of discussion. It likes frank questions. It relishes prompt, straightforward answers. It is not averse to the language of diplomacy. But it likes to see plain, honest meanings showing through.

Just now Americans are keenly anxious for an official reply of this sort from Berlin. They hope the President has taken their state of mind into account.

Courtesy, by all means—but not patience that meekly awaits Germany's convenience. It is not the American way deliberately to drag out controversies—nor to permit them to be so treated.

BALKED AGAIN.

COINCIDENT with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's announcement that it can book freight only from one voyage to the next, come complaints from Japan of a shortage of British ships in Japanese ports.

The Japan Weekly Chronicle reports thousands of tons of cargo awaiting transport owing to so many vessels being taken off the Japan run.

American ships ought to move these goods, but how are American ships to do it?

The first effect of Senator La Follette's seaman's law enacted by Congress in the interest of American seamen is to cripple the only American steamship line carrying freight on the Pacific.

An extraordinary opportunity for United States shipping—and, as usual, we find ourselves balked by half-baked legislation which coddles American trade so zealously that it kills it.

NO WASTE!

AMONG other reports of German efficiency in the field come descriptions of the busy supply and repair centres just back of the German lines.

Besides keeping the fighters supplied with ammunition and food, these centres are constantly combing the battlefields for broken guns and bayonets, cartridge shells, the clothes and knapsacks of the dead and wounded. The methodical Germans sort these things and take them back to the workshops at the centre. There shattered rifles are made as good as new, broken wheels restored, uniforms and outfits cleaned and repaired. Even worn-out automobile tires are collected and put through a process that renders the rubber of use in making new tubes. And all this is done in shops not in Germany, but only a few miles from the battle front in Northern France.

War in its most up-to-date, expert form. But as compared with the gallant field action of old style campaigns, how appallingly dull and uninspiring. In place of heroic achievement, efficiency; instead of shining deeds of men, the perfect turnings of military machinery; instead of quick movements and decisive results, an endless stationary grinding—obscure, monotonous, counting its gains in death.

FOR HONEST MEASURE.

NEW YORK'S campaign for honest weights and measures goes forward this week. School children are being taught the elementary history and science of scales and measuring standards. The Bureau of Weights and Measures promises an exhibit of devices old and new. Tradesmen will show how they guarantee full measure to customers.

The Housewives' League assures us that the use of false weights and measures cost the households of Greater New York \$36,000,000 in the past twelve months.

In ancient times, in Egypt, Athens and Rome, the standard units of weight and measure were carefully guarded in temples. Convenient copies were kept in various places in every city. But honest measure was under the special guardianship of the gods.

To-day the law does what it can. But the best protection against false measure is in the alertness and intelligence of housewives and all who buy. Young and old have a chance this week to learn.

Once before the British army swore terribly in Flanders—making up the lack of explosives with expletives!

Hits From Sharp Wits

We now await with interest to learn in what time that all-around Vassar athlete can do a six-family wash.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

This is a funny world. A man will go out at night with \$4.87 and wake up next morning with the .67 and a pillow in his mouth, and call it a good time.—Columbia State.

The man with a long tongue usually has a short head.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

When the average man is mentioned, nearly every man thinks that some one else than he is meant.

Happy is the man who, having actually sat up with a sick friend until

A. M. can start for home knowing that he will be believed.—Albany Journal.

"Despise not the day of small things," but one cannot help despising the small men some days bring forth.—Nashville Banner.

It isn't often that you meet a woman who can see very far in looking backward.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Prayers will never bring the millennium until people become supremely decent.—Pittsburgh Blade.

Many of our wealthiest Italian merchants were once bootblacks. They began at the foot and worked up.—Columbia State.

Letters From the People

In the World Almanac.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I find a list of the battleships, cruisers and armored cruisers, etc., of the United States Navy?
J. E. B.

A Telephone Query.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Speaking of lowering telephone rates, I would ask readers why, when Brooklyn is included, the rates that are regular should stop at Borough Park and not include Bath Beach and

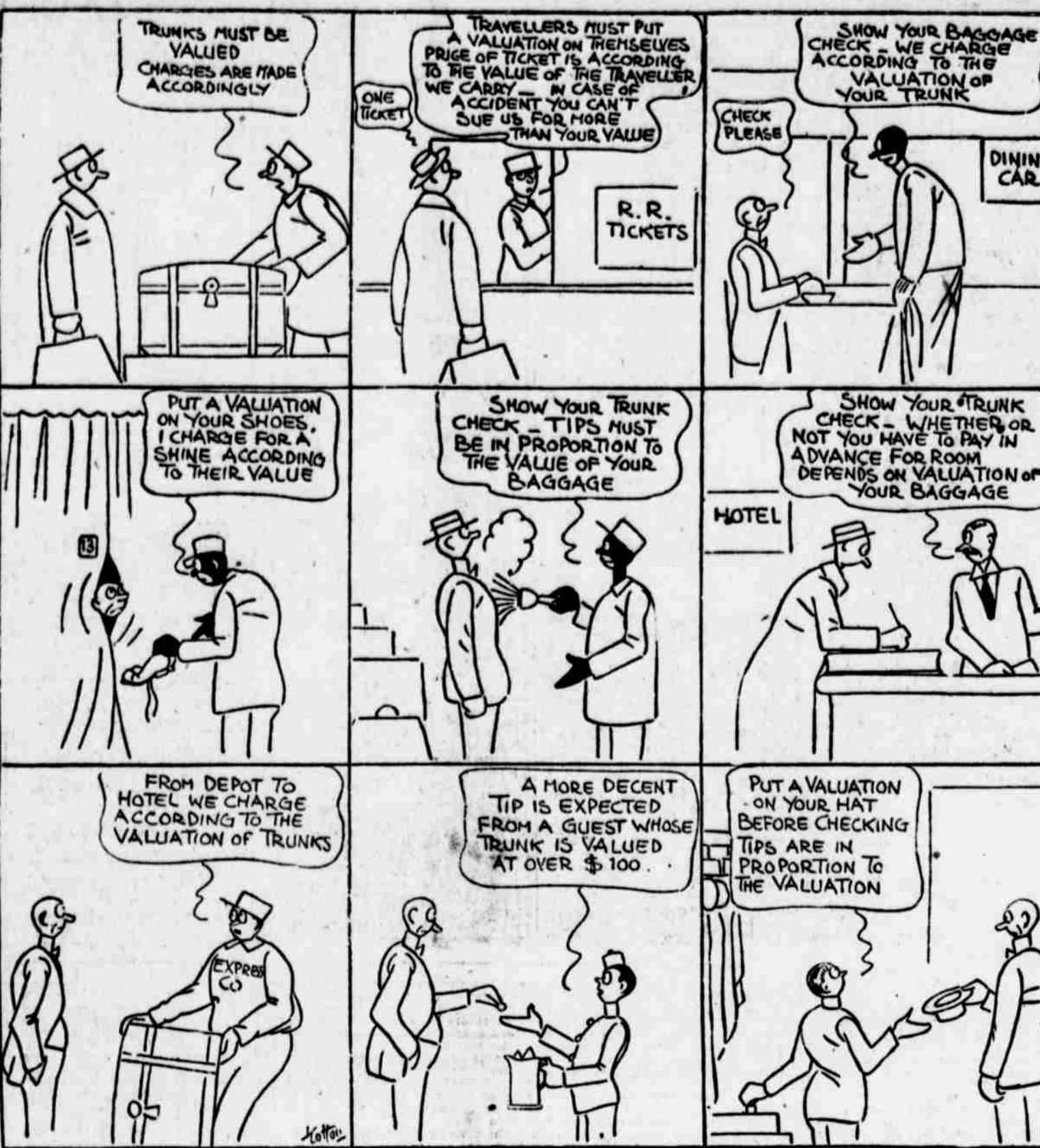
Bensonhurst. Perhaps the people can stir up the commission so as to include these.
I. H.

To Any Hospital.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I send old magazines?
A. R.

Yes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it compulsory to serve in the French Army?
W. H. C.

Why Not?

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"SAY," said Mr. Jarr, looking up from his newspaper at Mrs. Jarr, who was mending the family stockings, "is it true?"

"Oh, what do you think?" said Mrs. Jarr. "What do you think? I found Gertrude has been tearing up my new sheets to make covers for the ironing board. My new sheets, mind you, that cost me a dollar and four cents apiece. I must have a linen closet, but where is there any place for a linen closet in this poky place? But that's no excuse to tear up my new sheets, and when I found it out I could have sat down and cried."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Jarr, "if they don't do one thing, they do another." "You take it very easy," snapped Mrs. Jarr. "But now I have to go downtown and buy new sheets and new napkins, and I just bought four dozen new napkins a few months ago, and it takes all my money, and I never have a cent for myself, and you fuss and find fault when the money goes, and yet when I try to tell you you take it coolly that way: 'If they don't do one thing, they'll do another.' That's no excuse for using my new sheets on the ironing board, is it?"

"Of course not," said Mr. Jarr. "But—" "Oh, don't say 'but,'" said Mrs. Jarr. "Here you see me mending and patching and darning while the girl is wasting and ruining everything! It's enough to dishearten one!" "I was going to ask you about those stockings," said Mr. Jarr. "Is it true that if a silk stocking starts to run as they call it, I believe—that is, starts to open and give way—that the 'run' can be stopped temporarily by moistening the mesh of the silk stocking at the bottom of the run?"

"Where do you find out such things? Who tells you such things? Men are not supposed to know such things." Here Mrs. Jarr choked. "What are you talking about?" asked the astonished Mr. Jarr. "Never you mind!" said Mrs. Jarr, a tear falling on her work. "Nager you mind! I have put up in silence with the way you have acted. I have stood everything for the sake of the children. But, to think! To think!" "To think what? Doggone it!" cried the exasperated man.

"To boast in my presence of knowing people that wear silk stockings!" said Mrs. Jarr with another sob. "Even if you are told such things by your FRIENDS," Mrs. Jarr emphasized the word, "you at least might spare me the recital of them. But I demand to know who told you!"

Mr. Jarr Scampers Playfully About On the Brink of Domestic Tragedy

"It was a lady named Mrs. Jarr," said Mr. Jarr, with a grin. "You told me so one night when we were at the theatre and we noticed a 'run' in a stocking a chorus girl was wearing. I forgot all about it till I saw you mending that pair."

"Oh, yes, I knew it all the time," said Mrs. Jarr. "I was just teasing you." Mr. Jarr smiled grimly, but it was a resolve never again to discuss feminine apparel of a confidential nature.

Living in the Past

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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REMINISCENCE is not always a profitable exercise. It generally belongs to those (appropriately to those only) who have left nothing to think about except the things that are gone and dead. These are recent words of President Wilson—words of wisdom indeed. How many sad hours, how many heartaches, how many remorseful broodings obtain in the world-to-day through this habit of "reminiscence!" Truly, those who indulge only in reminiscence have left the "active stage of life" and are the has-beens. Are you one of them? Perhaps you are and don't know it. I know a woman who was a great belle in her early years and later a leader in her social circle as well as in worthwhile philanthropic movements. She had married a man who was able to give her the whirl of life and stood by her in all her achievements. The husband died, and from that day to this the woman lives in the past, although she is just in the prime of life. She dwells on the deeds of yesterday.

Yesterday is alive to her, to-day is mere existence and to-morrow is a dead thing to her. Wherever she goes everybody knows she will recount all her doings of the days gone by. She sees nothing in the now and she has no hope for to-morrow. Her routine of thought is in REMINISCENCE. This woman could be in the field of activity. She could go on with her achievements, her philanthropies, her interest in her friends. But she refuses to look forward. She wants only to look backward. She grows sad and spiritless because she dwells most often on her bereavement. Everybody who comes in contact with her gets into the atmosphere of her brooding and runs away from her. Pretty soon this woman will have no friends.

Her children love to visit away from home because they realize the joy of living RIGHT NOW and want to continue it as the days come. If only there could be some way of making reminiscence to be only joyful! Why not? Then they would be a spur to present and future living. But it seems to be human nature to forget the gladness and remember the sadness, as a general thing; and those who live in the past are usually gloomy. Oh, say, come out of it. There's a lot of joy left in the world. No matter how downhearted you may be, or how many disappointments you have had in time gone by, cultivate the habit of forgetting it and look ahead!

You never can tell. Some delightful person may invite you to dinner or your grandmother may leave you a legacy or you may secure a profitable position or you may find the ideal of your heart or a new acquaintance may come into your life that may bring you happiness. In short, there are thousands of things that can happen if you will live in the present and look to the future instead of calling ONLY the days that are dead.

Talks With My Parents.

By a Child.

FATHER and mother had an awful scrap last night, just as mother put me to bed. I can't call it anything but a "scrap," for that describes it perfectly. It won't do to call it a quarrel.

It was about nothing, of course, for there could be no argument about anything, could there?

I couldn't make out for the life of me what it was all about. I lay there in bed, just before the hour when I become a grown person, and tried to make out what it was all about, for I thought it would give me something to write about. It interested me, because it kept me awake.

I am entitled to my sleep. You see, during the day father lives in a world of his own and mother lives in a little world of her own and I in mine.

When father comes home he does not know the trouble mother has had.

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

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YOU don't know what Rebellion Against Your Lot in Life is until, when you rush into a barber shop to get a hurry-up haircut just before train time, you find all the barbers just beginning operations on a bunch of runs with left-overs who are having the hot towels, the facial massage, the vibrator and all the rest of the fool-um-at-home stunts worked on them.

Why is it that when a woman faints in a crowd all of the women who go to her assistance glare at the men? What happens to be passing that way as if they believed the men firmly intended to hit the fainting female with a coal maid or a snow shovel?

Often when we see the sea and ships and such like pictured on a movie screen we imagine that we could get the idea even if the piano player didn't thump out "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

Last week on Broadway we heard a chorus man telling another one what he'd do if he were President of the United States. We looked up and down the street for a dinnerless squirrel, but there was none in sight.

"I am, et cetera," concludes Jagow's note. Blunt stuff, like "Pleasee remitt."

Paradoxical Stuff: Reiterated statements that it's been a rotten theatrical season, printed in the same papers that contain pictures of the magnificent summer chalets, villas, chateaux, bungalows and houses and things that the actors and managers presently will be going to.

Operatic Note (fortissimo): Caruso writes to a friend in this city that, if he happens to lose his mind some time during the present summer he is thinking of taking off a little weight by warring with Austria.

Isn't good form to horn alone on a friend who is taking a drink in at a bar? In the first place, he doesn't like to be caught drinking alone. Secondly, there's always the likelihood that he has only fifteen cents for the one drink in his tankards.

The Unfathomable: Woman too dancers.

Much as we admire neatness, we'd hate to be known as "a natty dresser!"

Life's Saddest Moments: Listening to dialect in the "bathetic" key on the vaudeville stage.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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PUTTING your heart in a summer flirtation is staking gold pieces against stage money.

When a woman's charm runs to brains, the average man runs to the other woman.

When a man reaches the point of sanity where he can give a woman a definite reason for loving her it is a definite sign that he doesn't any more.

Most men would be angels if they could reform between drinks and lead the simple life between flirtations.

Even Caliban could have made some woman call him "Dearly" if he had known enough to tell her that all he needed was "a beautiful woman's spitting influence."

The woman who is looking for a masochist angel usually ends by marrying a devil who knows how to persuade her that his horns are merely the signs of a budding halo.

A girl listens to fairy tales first at her mother's knee later on a moonlit piazza, and later over the telephone—and yet people wonder why women have such highly developed imaginations.

Never judge a woman's disposition by the bestial smile she flashes at her rival when the man in the case is looking.

Love and the marrying mood have always been confused with one another; but they are not necessarily a bit more identical than June and fair weather, or Thanksgiving and snow.

Shrapnel's First Test

THE first test of shrapnel was made in England 113 years ago, when a committee of English army men reported favorably on the invention of their fellow officer, Henry Shrapnel, after whom the deadly missile was named. Shrapnel was first employed in warfare at Surinam in 1804, and fully demonstrated its explosive usefulness. Soon after that all the nations of Europe began experimenting with shrapnel. Sir George Wood, who commanded the artillery in the battle of Waterloo a century ago, declared that Shrapnel's invention was responsible for the British victory, and that without it Napoleon would have triumphed. Shrapnel has been used with deadly effect in the present war, and it is the testimony of military experts that American-made shrapnel used by the allies is vastly superior to the German article. Henry Shrapnel entered the Royal Artillery in 1779 and served with the Duke of York's army in Flanders. It was the failure of the British siege of Dunkirk which led Shrapnel to begin the experiments which resulted in the invention of the case shot now universally known by his name. In 1815 he was granted a pension of £600 a year, in addition to his army pay. He retired with the rank of lieutenant-general in 1837, and died in 1865.

Origin of June Weddings

THE first people to adopt the month of June as sacred to Hymen, the god of marriage, were the ancient Romans, who considered June the most propitious season of the year for entering upon matrimonial relations. The Romans held that June weddings were likely to be happier than alliances contracted in any other month of the year, especially if the day chosen were that of the full moon or the conjunction of the sun and moon. They also held that of all months May was to be most avoided, as in that month new-laid would come under the influence of spirits adverse to happy households. These ancient marriage superstitions were retained by the Christians in the Middle Ages, even to-day June is considered by many to be pre-eminently the month of marriages. The word "wedding" is derived from the ancient Anglo-Saxon word "wedd," which means "to promise." The "wed" consisted of gifts, including a ring, given by the bridegroom to the bride. At the marriage ceremonies in those times the father of the bride presented his son-in-law with one of his daughter's shoes as a token of the transfer of authority, and the bride was struck sharply on the head with the shoe by her new spouse as a warning that she was henceforth his "possession."

My Wife's Husband

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER LII.
JANE was not satisfied with the explanation about the talking machine being in my office, and finally I told her:

"I have been learning to dance, Jane, so that I could dance with you at the Nortons next week."

"Oh, I am so glad! Who has been teaching you?" showing her pleasure.

"Miss Reese kindly volunteered."

"Miss Reese! So when you have refused to accompany me you have been spending your evenings dancing with Miss Reese, instead of at the hospital or with your patients?" and she laughed the cynical laugh I dreaded to hear.

"You surely don't object because Miss Reese taught me?" I asked. "I thought it most kind of her going on."

"How long has it been going on?" Jane inquired, paying no attention to my question. "I mean how long has it taken you to learn?"

"Only about a month," Miss Reese said I learned very quickly.

"No doubt!"

"Now, Jane," I began severely, "don't take that tone! I have not taken any of the time I could have possibly spent with you," realizing when I said it that I was not quite truthful, "and my only object in learning at all was to please you," which was the truth.

"You don't enjoy dancing, then?"

"Yes, I do! I confess I was agreeably surprised in the new dances. Once you know them they are really fascinating. I don't wonder you urged me to learn."

"Had you shown the least disposition to learn I should have been disappointed to have offered to teach you. But instead of asking me, you prefer Miss Reese as an instructor, because, I presume, you enjoy her society better." Jane retorted bitterly.

"It seems I can never please you," I replied, man-like putting her in the wrong to save myself, although I was really disappointed that she should doubt my motive.

"No, George, you do not please me. Frankly, I don't like your surprises. The runabout was to surprise me, and Miss Reese used it for three months before I ever saw it or knew anything about it. Now, as another surprise for me, you have been dancing with Miss Reese all your spare time for a month. When you contemplate doing anything to please me again it would be a good plan to consult me, before she adds sarcastically: